CLAY GEERDES' **COMIX WAVE** 120
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THE COMPLETE CRUMB is up to volume 8, which tome deals with Crumb's rise to fame and his subsequent murder of Fritz the Cat which is depicted on the cover. The latest Crumb drawings published in this country appeared as illos in the **ANDERSON VALLEY ADVERTISER** in February of 1992. The drawings were done to go along with Warren Hinckle's coverage of the trial of Jim Mitchell for the murder of his brother, Artie. Jim was found guilty of manslaughter and had not been sentenced when this was written. Other artists whose illos appeared with the running coverage are Harry S. Robins, Dan O'Neill, and Spain Rodriquez. The last few issues of **AVA** ran new **Odd Bodkins** strips. **Odd Bodkins** was a popular strip which ran in the San Francisco **CHRONICLE** in the early 1960s.

Dave Sim's **CEREBUS 154** continues **MOTHERS and DAUGHTERS**. The reprint series continues with #24 now in the stores.

Steve Willis sent me the latest **CITY LIMITS GAZETTE.** It's $15 a year from him at POB 390, McCleary, WA 98557-0390.

Richie Prosch returns with **FARMBOY FUNNIES 1**. 50¢/stamp from him at 305 Pinehaven 44, Laurens, SC 29360. Richie was a contributor to the **Comix World Mini-Series** in the early 1980s.

TERRORESS 3 is $3.50 pp from Tom Roberts, 333 S. East Ave., #209, Oak Park, IL 60302.

Joe Matt has published some of his early stuff under the title **PEEP SHOW**. You can write to Joe at 23 Albany Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada M5R 3C2.

An SASE will get you a free catalog of stuff offered by **Horn Farm**, 1463 E. Republican, Suite 189, Seattle, WA 98112.

EL VIBORA 144 is $10 from J. M. Berengueuer, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, Spain. Contains a Spanish reprint of a Crumb sex story, and lots of interesting Spanish art.

Dan Clowes was in Berkeley to sign some **EIGHTBALLS** on February 24. Clowes uses the Crumb technique in his work. You anticipate any possible criticism and ward it off by assimilating it into your own work. The idea is no one can say anything about you that you haven't already said about yourself. I enjoy the way Clowes work drifts in and out of sanity. His short critique of life in art school hit the mark. I saw all of that behavior at the San Francisco Art Institute when I hung out in George Kuchar's filmmaking class back in 1970.

Sonic Tales is 50¢/ stamp from Greg Petix, 2128 N. Winchester, Chicago, IL 60614. minicomic.

Desertions at Mighty Marvel?

Eight of Marvel's top people have gone over to Malibu Graphics. Lee and Chris Claremont, Rob Liefeld, Erik Larsen, Todd McFarlane, Whilce Portacio, Marc Silvestri, and Jim Valentino.

Programs are the things around ads.
--Dennis Potter

When Bill Ward did **Torchy** for Quality in the old days, the stories had to fit the morality of the times, but it's 1992 now and Ward is free to do her any way he wants to. The result is **SCORCHY** and the first issue is out under the Forbidden Fruit label. For men who like big tits and sexual innuendo, for bottle babies who miss Little Annie Fanny, here is blatant sexism at its best. If you can't find a copy locally, send $4 to FF, 1565 Cliff Road, Suite 3-450, St. Paul, MN 55122. I suspect it would be a good idea to send an age statement.

He finally came to the realization that logic might do for method but not for motive. Again, to use the analogy of creative art, the artist thought out the techniques of his art, or learned them from others and, with patience, became a skilled craftsman. But where craft ended and art began was at the point where the artist had to draw on his own emotions, dreams, fervors and fears, penetrating deep into himself to uncover what he needed to express by his skill.

Lawrence Sanders
The First Deadly Sin

Cerebus marches on. #155 continues "Mothers and Daughters." Issues 75 and 76 have been reprinted. Dave Sim is touring. He will be in Denver April 12, in Chicago, April 26, and in Miami on May 3. See your local comic store for details.

Comic Relief is opening a new store. 1597 Haight Street in San Francisco. Opening celebration on March 15, 1992.

TURN OFF, TUNE OUT, DROP IN

Spy Magazine tells me that LSD is back. Did it ever leave? Talking to someone who is on acid is like swimming in a vat of rainbow jello. Far out, man, like, you're rilly groovy, man, I mean like you're a beautiful dude, like. I was at a party in Fresno back in 1967 and saw a guy spend the entire evening staring at the D on a Decca record. Boy, was his consciousness expanded. It was Drugspeak everywhere in those days. No matter where you went, you heard people talking about their trips and trips other people were taking, how mescalin did this and psilocybin that and it was all very tedious and boring, particularly to someone like me who was not into drugs and could have cared less. No one knew anything about MK-ULTRA[1] then. If you had said that the CIA was conducting an experiment in mind control and using the Eloi around Haight-Ashbury as guinea pigs you would have been written off as one of those conspiracy theorists. LSD was just the latest high to most people, but many were messianic about it. There were brand names to separate the best from the worst and everyone knew the difference between bad street acid and primo Owsley, even non-druggies like me. The Purple Haze that fell in Jimi Hendrix' brain was LSD, so were the pills that made you larger or smaller in the song *White Rabbit* sung by Grace Slick and the sunshine that came softly through Donovan Leitch's window. Drug music was ubiquitous and it was often performed by the stoned for the stoned. Interns showed up at parties with amyl nitrate capsules and told the gaping guests that breaking one and inhaling at the moment of orgasm was the ultimate high. Drug lore was present in hundreds of magazines and underground newspapers.

LSD was made illegal in October of 1966 and within a couple of months the hippy dealers were gone from Haight Ashbury and the mafia dealers were busy killing anyone who was left. Seventeen murders. Street paranoia. Drug profits had financed a lot of hip boutiques and marginal businesses then as now and the acid-rich bought upscale homes in Marin County and spent their days leisurely discussing megadeals on their boats or in the fern bars along Bridgeway in Sausalito. A lot of these neo-rich segued from

psychedelics into serious coke habits and private sanitariums and drug rehab clinics entered boom times as you can read about in the writings of Bret Easton-Ellis and Carrie Fisher. Acid, alas, did not film well, and movies like Peter Fonda's *The Trip*, heavily hyped, were bombs. *Easy Rider*, now cultic, is a basic bore, though the music is nice. Today's computer generated imagery like the melting steel villain in *Terminator II* is more psychedelic; so is MTV with its high speed cuts, multiple-images, and spontaneous collagerie.

As for Timothy Leary, the high priest of acid, the guru, the pied piper of LSD, he left a legacy of anger and disappointment.[2] Kids ran away to follow him and their parents hated his guts. Leary told people to turn on, tune in, and drop out, to stop playing social games, to create a better society, but the uneducated kids who heard him never created anything of value. They dropped out and spent their time stoned. They became worshippers of rock bands and spent hours stringing beads or drawing chalk pictures on the sidewalks while the police state grew up around them. Haight-Ashbury became a psychedelic ghetto, a kind of grandiose mental institution a la Ken Kesey's Cuckoo's Nest[3] where any and all kinds of aberrant behavior were not only accepted but encouraged. The media used this pool of psychosis to terrify a conservative public of rejected parents into voting for law and order fascists like Nixon, Reagan, and Bush. Television effectively brainwashed the elderly into hating their own children since to the straight media beatniks, hippies, black militants, dropouts, etc., were all negatives the way punks, spikers, and skinheads are now.

So, gee, LSD is back! Why not? It was effective in defusing the revolutionary energy of the young in the sixties and will probably be just as effective this time around. Kids will be dropping acid and watching DESERT STORM II this summer as a new crop of fascists are voted into office to protect scared parents from the ravages of their Easter egg headed, nose-ring wearing kids. Kids who have no folk singing prophets to light their way. Few would believe that decrepit and pathetic figure mumbling his way through a recent gig on David Letterman's 10th Anniversary Special was worshipped as a hippy Messiah in the sixties. Remember that old chestnut about those who fail to learn from history being destined to repeat it? Well, in an electronic environment, history repeats itself continuously, so here's your gold watch and the shackles for your chain and may the ghost of electricity howl in the bones of your face.

-C.G.

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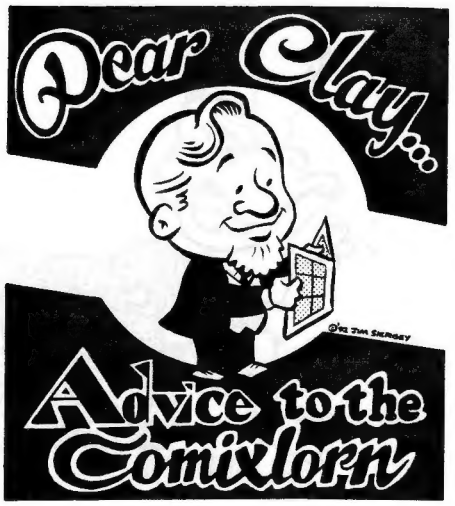
[1] For the complete details on the CIA's covert use of LSD, see Martin A. Lee and Bruce Shlain's **ACID DREAMS: THE CIA, LSD, AND THE SIXTIES REBELLION**, Grove Press, New York: 1985.



Dear Unca Clay--

My problem is with women. I'm 24 years old, and I think mature for that age. but whenever I approach women, they either laugh, run away screaming in terror, or ignore me. It can't be my looks, because at 5'3" I'm only 350 pounds and my penis is 2 inches long when erect, which my mother tells me is normal.

What I'd like to know is, could my being a comic collector have something to do with it? All my collector friends have a similar problem. Now, has reading comics done something horrible to me, or do I collect comics because there is something wrong with me in the first place? And if it was collecting comics which caused me to be a hopeless dweeb, and I sue Marvel, what are my chances of winning?

--Lester P. Buttmuzzle

Hi Les--

I don't know what your Mama is doing talking about your erections, but I suspect this is the root of your problem and comic collecting a mere side effect. If that dear lady thinks two inches is normal then she was been missing out which adds up to a lot of years of frustration. A feminist, is she?

Relax and accept yourself, Les. Don't be upset by contemporary fattism. After all, John Candy and Rosanne Barr have done all right for themselves and I suspect they have a history of comic-book reading. I think if you continue to be a loyal member of the comics community you will find the chairgirl of your dreams.

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[2] See Timothy Leary, **FLASHBACKS**. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1983. Leary did a previous book about his work called **HIGH PRIEST**.

[3] Ken Kesey's 1962 novel, **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**, was the in psychedelic novel of the period. He wrote it after taking LSD and subsequently went on a crusade to try to turn everyone on to the drug. His album was called **THE ACID TEST**. Tom Wolfe wrote up his adventures in **THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST**.

As for comic book reading being the cause of your problem, who can say? Read a lot of Baby Hueys as a boy? Find yourself more interested in the elephants than in Mowgli when THE JUNGLE BOOK came out on video last year? Get an erection when the Hulk roars and turns into the Jolly Green Giant?

If your dweebitude has interfered with your ability to make a living, you might sue Marvel for financial loss, but remember in any lawsuit the defendant has the right to delve deeply into the plaintiff's personal life and would you really want all that stuff about your weird mother to appear on the six o-clock news in Fuzzerville, Nebraska?

Hey, good luck, big guy.

-Uncle Clay

A SAMPLE OF MUSIC CRITICISM FROM THE DAILY CALIFORNIAN, SEPT. 12, 1990

On their third effort, *The Right Thing*, Chemical People play abrasive, trashy pop in the tradition of The Adolescents, Decendents and Social Distortion, with an (un)healthy obsession with pornography and comic book violence thrown in for good measure. Actually, for a band so willfully stupid and sexist (their last two albums featured porn starlets on their covers), Chemical People exhibit a striking knowledge of musical history--that is, if we assume that music began in, say, 1977, with Generation X. A tune such as *The Duck Song* straddles several musical genres at once, incorporating Minor Threat-type tempo changes, grinding metal riffs and perfect pop-punk choruses; at the same time, the group manages to avoid both cliché hardcore anger and maudlin pop sensitivity. Of course, no one will ever accuse Chemical People of being a bunch of intellectuals. You can't understand their lyrics, and basically, Chemical People exist to bang them out hard and fast--like it's supposed to be done.

L. A. Kanter.

By the way did you know the Reverend Thomas Malthus appears as Mr. Fax in Thomas Love Peacock's McLincourt [1817]?

HAPPY EASTER!

There were so many horrible things to be afraid of--God, the Easter Bunny, the nuns. . .I hated Easter. I didn't want God to get himself crucified all over again--certainly not for my sake! I just wanted Him to leave me alone and not be everywhere, watching everything I did. I thought the Easter Bunny was a monster ten feet tall, wearing a man's dress suit, and carrying a basket full of presents. No wonder I lay there, not daring to breathe, trying not to sweat, listening to every tiny sound until morning came (19). Then morning would come and mother would come into my room cheerfully announcing that the Easter Bunny had been there and left me a present. No amount of chocolate eggs was worth the suffering (20).

--Carroll Baker.

BABY DOLL. 1983.